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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1878.

NUMBER 24.

POETRY.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave—the good—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
By many a cold and frozen swamp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you!
From Western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood, like the rain,
A home—a heritage—to gain,
To gild for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side,
They have marched, and fought, and bravely
died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue—
Mid surging smoke, and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, 'mid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we never can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

The Round Table.

STORY TELLER.

GERTRUDE'S TEMPTATION.

BY D. K.

Aunt Hannah always did hate me.
In the first place, my mother committed
the dire offense of marrying the
man she loved, instead of the one
Aunt Hannah selected for her. Then
I had the audacity to present myself
to the world with my father's black
hair and eyes, and tall figure, instead
of perpetuating the petite blonde love
liness of the Croftons, Aunt Hannah's
own style of beauty.

I was altogether amazed when I
was left an orphan at eighteen, that
Aunt Hannah sent for me to come to
Crofton Place, but I soon found I was
to have no life of easy indolence in
that luxurious home.

"I will give you two hundred dol
lars a year," my great-aunt said to
me, "to teach Ellie anything you know,
and to be a companion to me. I don't
want a maid, for I have one, but some
body to write my letters, read to me,
and sit by me when I am ill."

I was alone in the world, deprived
suddenly of loving parents and a
pleasant home, and glad of any refuge.
So I accepted Aunt Hannah's terms.
In a very short time I was so sorry
for her that I would have loved her
out of sheer pity, if she would have
allowed me.

For, at eighty years of age, sole
mistress of a good fortune, and pre
siding over the most perfect house I
ever beheld, Aunt Hannah was the
victim of an internal disease that,
slowly sapping the foundations of life,
entailed upon her the most excruciat
ing agony at times.

She was very small, thin as a shad
ow, while I was tall, strong, and young.
Very soon we discovered that no one
could lift or move her so easily as I
could, no one could ease the pain by
applications, rubbed on with the hand,
so soon as myself, and it came to be
a matter of course that I was to leave
everything else to do duty in the in
valid's room, whenever one of the pa
roxysms of pain came on.

I moved her here or there, as the
restless desire for change of position
dictated; I rubbed her till my own
hands were almost raw from the irri
tating applications; I administered

the powerful opiates, and softly strok
ed her hair when she could not sleep,
till unconsciousness came.

But if I attempted a caress, moved
by deepest pity, if I spoke a tender
word in true womanly sympathy, she
would retort by asking me what lega
cy I was angling to obtain, remind
me that I was paid for my services,
and request me to keep my hypocriti
cal tears till they were demanded.

So, having some pride, I became a
mere gentle machine, striving, out of
the pity I was forbidden to express,
to carry such relief as I could to the
sufferer, and as cold and impassive as
I was requested to be. Not that I
escaped sarcasm then, being called a
stone, a statue, and asked if anything
could move me.

In the intervals of my duties as
nurse, when Aunt Hannah was able
to be about the house, ruling all with
a rod of iron, I was governess to Ellie
Crofton—Aunt Hannah's great-niece,
too, and my second cousin. She was
only two years younger than I was,
but I had been educated for a govern
ess, and she had never been systemat
ically educated at all.

Aunt Hannah, who was favored with
numerous orphans to protect, had tak
en Ellie when she was a baby. Some
times she had a governess, who stayed
till Aunt Hannah's tyranny became un
bearable. Oftener she was left en
tirely to her own devices.

She was small, with features of ex
treme delicacy, and was most timid in
manner. She had been "snubbed"
(no other word expresses it) till she
was afraid to stir, or speak, without
permission. Her voice was so low, it
just escaped a whisper; her step was
like a cat's, her fingers touched the
piano as if the keys were of spun
glass, and she was terrified to a pallor
if she dropped her thimble or scissors.

I tried to stir up a little spirit in
her, but finding it a vain effort, took
to petting her. It is a necessity of
my nature to have somebody to love,
and since Aunt Hannah would have
none of my affection, I transferred it
to Ellie.

For a whole year I devoted myself
to the child, coaxing her out of doors,
teaching her to the best of my ability,
making the most of her beauty, by
trying my taste in making her dresses
for her, and arranging her flaxen tress
es. And she clung to me, and loved
me.

So the first year dragged by, slowly
and wearily. I put on colored dress
es again, at Aunt Hannah's order, and
dragged long-forgotten finery from the
depths of my trunk.

We were complete hermits at Crof
ton Place, on account of Hannah's
health; but she required the same
dress as if we had a house full of com
pany, whenever she was able to be
about at all.

The second year was a month old
when Wilfred Crofton came home from
Italy. I have said that Aunt Hannah
was rich in orphan relatives, and Wil
fred was one of them—a great-nephew,
but not at all dependent upon Aunt
Hannah. He had inherited a moder
ate income, and increased it by the
profession he selected—that of an art
ist.

In vain Aunt Hannah stormed.
Wilfred was the only relative who
would not submit to her exactions,
except so far as his own judgment en
dorsed them, and he quietly studied,
and finally went to Italy for six years.

He had never known any home but
Crofton Place, and was coming there
a man nearly thirty, and already well
known in the art world. Ellie remem
bered him well, and treated me to all
her childish recollections, for I had
never seen him. From Ellie I drew
the idea that he was tall and blonde,
like the Croftons; also that he was
not a bit afraid of Aunt Hannah—a
marvel of courage in Ellie's eyes.

He came in November, when we
were all at our dreariest. I was hold
ing Aunt Hannah in my arms while
she writhed in pain, when the servant
announced, "Mr. Wilfred, ma'am!"

"Go down, Gertrude," Aunt Han
nah gasped, "Ellie is out. Go tell
him he is welcome.—His room is
ready, and I will see him to-morrow.
Come back as quickly as you can, for
—for—" and pain held her mute, till

finding I had not started, she gasped
out, "Go!" like the crack of a rifle.

I went then. I saw my cousin long
before he saw me, for I crossed the
long drawing-room, softly shod, on a
thick Brussels carpet, and he stood
looking from the window at the leaves
tossing in the November wind. I saw
that he was tall, broad-shouldered,
and straight as an arrow, with a heavy
blonde beard, large, but well-formed
features, and an erect carriage of head
and chest.

A noble looking man rather than a
handsome one. I crossed the room to
his side, and said, "Miss Crofton
has sent me to say that you are very
welcome, that your room is ready, and
that she will see you to-morrow.—To
day she is ill."

He looked at me in unfeigned sur
prise.

"You are not Ellie?" he said.
I burst out laughing.
"I am Gertrude Hemming."
"My cousin still, then," he said, ex
tending his hand. "I did not know
you were here."

"No!" I noticed in the long letters
Aunt Hannah dictated to me, for you,
that I was too insignificant to men
tion. Yet, as you say, we are cousins,
and I am glad to welcome you home
again."

"Will you not sit down and chat
awhile?" he asked.

"I can't. I am head nurse, and
needed in the sick-room. But Ellie
will be home soon, and in the mean
time the fire in your room looked very
inviting as I passed the door."

"Well, since I must—I must!" he
said; but I hope you are not always
so closely occupied!"

We sauntered slowly along the pas
sage, chatting all the way, till he turn
ed in at the door of his room, and I
quickened my steps back to Aunt
Hannah.

She gave me a savage glance, mut
tered that she thought I meant to
stay all day, and let me resume my
interrupted duty.

A few months later she sent for me
one morning, and received me in her
morning-room, with a face like a Gor
gon's head.

"Miss Hemming," she said, icily,
"when I took you here, a pauper, you
will recollect, I defined your duties
very clearly. I do not remember that
making love to my nephew was one
of them."

My blood glowed with passion, and
I cried, hotly:

"You speak falsely if you accuse me
of that!"

"Oh, indeed! Perhaps he does not
find you out, wherever you may be
twenty times a day? Perhaps he does
not make sketches of you, and call you
an Indian Queen, though you are more
like a mulatto? Perhaps he does not
sing with you, and praise your glori
ous voice—eminently fitted to cry fish
in a market!"

By which it will be seen that Aunt
Hannah, at a white heat of rage, was
not exquisitely refined in language.
By the time she was frantic, I had
gained my customary cool composure.

"Wilfred is my cousin," I said, "and
he gives me the same cousinly regard
he gives Ellie."

"But he is to marry Ellie!" she
fairly screamed. "He must marry
her! I won't leave him a shilling if
he does not. Remember that! He
is to marry Ellie!"

Would he marry Ellie! I wondered,
when I escaped. He was very kind to
her, and Ellie was never very strong
in cold weather, and fond of being
petted. Wilfred treated her like a
child still. Whenever he went to the
city he bought her bon bon.

But to me he brought books, music,
and sometimes flowers, and gave them
to me with words more precious than
gifts.

He did seek me, as Aunt Hannah
said. He did sketch my face again
and again. He did praise my voice.
Ah, let me write it once! He did
love me—he did love me!

I had a craving to walk down to
the sea shore once more, to hear the
waves, as Ellie and I often listened to
them during the summer, before Wil
fred came to make the happiness and
the misery of our lives.

It was a long walk, nearly two miles;
but I had a fancy to say farewell to
our favorite haunt—a cave in a rock,
that was only accessible at low tide.
Ellie and I had spent many hours
there, making pretence of study, often
during the risk of the waves till we
had to take off shoes and stockings to
wade back to the shore. It was a
rocky coast at the point nearest Clif
ton Place, and there were many ro
mantic spots there.

Wilfred had visited it frequently
with Ellie; but after the weather was
fine enough for such excursions, I was
too closely tied down by my nursing
duties for the long absence from home.

I walked hurriedly in the soft May
sunshine, driven by the tumult in my
own heart, and seeing nothing on
either side till I came in sight of the
broad ocean rolling before me. The
tide was coming in. No musing or
rest in the old cave to-day. Yet I
must see it—bid it farewell.

I walked slowly now, often hidden
from the sea by the great rocks, till I
saw the rock, and Ellie sitting in the
cave, her hands folded before her, her
eyes looking far, far forward, her lips
smiling in happy reverie—all uncon
scious of the waves rising till they
would soon sweep in the hollow where
she sat. Already they covered the
whole base of the rock. Already she
was in danger, for the waters would
cover her shoulders and she could not
swim.

Involuntarily I hastened toward the
nearest point where I could obtain a
boat. Two or three boats lay upon
the shore, turned over to dry—little
rowing-boats, such as Ellie and I had
often taken for an hour's pleasuring,
for my father had taught me the use
of the oars in my happy home days.
My hands were already upon the near
est boat, when I suddenly sank upon
the stones, utterly prostrated by a
hideous possibility that rose phantom
like before me.

If I turned back now, and went
home, no one need ever know I had
been there. Not a human being was
in sight. Ellie would die, and Wilfred
inherit all the vast estate, and be free
to marry whosoever he would.

I had skirted the great rock unper
ceived by the day-dreamer in the cave.
If she was rescued by another hand,
she would never know of my desertion.

I lay face down on the stones while
the hurrying thoughts crowded upon
my brain, too stunned by the awful
temptations tearing my heart, to rise
and carry out my scheme. I must go
home. I said it over and over till the
words conveyed their meaning, and I
struggled upon my feet.

As I stood erect, my brain reeling,
the waters dancing before my dazed
eyes, a piercing shriek rang out upon
the air, another followed, and another.
It was Ellie's voice—Ellie awake now
to the full danger of her situation; El
lie, drowning within a few yards of
where I stood.

I waited still. No one came. In a
little while the death agony will be
over, and Wilfred free. And I! what
would I be? Wilfred's wife with
stricken conscience? How he would
hate me if he ever knew the truth! Perhaps
I should go mad and tell him.
Again those agonizing screams so near
me, so far from all human help.

I stooped and turned over the boat,
dragged it to the water, took my place,
lifted the oars, and then, by an effort,
raised my voice.

"Courage, Ellie! I am coming!"
The screams ceased instantly. I
struck out with all my strength, and
rounded the great rock safely.

Ellie was standing in the hollow,
clinging desperately to the rock, her
white face gleaming above her black
dress, and in the sombre setting of her
heavy crape bonnet. Already the water
was up to her waist.

As the boat grated against the rock,
Ellie dropped like a dead woman, and
I caught her dress as she floated past
the boat. Strong as I was, it was a
great strain to lift her. Twice she
slipped back—once carrying me almost
over the side of the boat. For a second
the temptation seized me to sink her,
and so end the struggle.

But I made one desperate effort, and
this time succeeded in lifting the in
sensible figure into safety. It was

but a few vigorous strokes, and we
were on the shore, Ellie in my arms,
dragged out of the reach of the waves
pursuing us.

She gave no sign of life, though I
rubbed her temples, and tried to re
vive her. I was afraid she had died
of sheer exhaustion, when she shivered
and opened her eyes.

"Well, well," I said, suppressing the
desire to scream, "have you decided
to wake up? A pretty scrape you got
into—half drowned, two miles from
home!"

"Oh, Gertrude!" and then she clung
to me, sobbing.

"Don't cry," I said, crossly; "there
is quite a sufficiency of water here.
Our new dresses will look handsome
now."

Just at that moment I heard a merr
y whistle, and looking in the direc
tion from which it came, spied a rag
ged boy strolling leisurely along, toss
ing pebbles into the water.

I called to him, and with the prom
ise of a shilling for speed, sent him
over to the hotel, half a mile off on the
beach, for a carriage. He earned his
money. Before I thought he could
have reached the hotel, he was back
with the vehicle, into which I lifted
Ellie, shivering as with ague.

The driver understood the emergen
cy, and drove as rapidly as possible,
reaching home before our absence had
been discovered.

Ellie, blue and cold, was carried to
her room, and I worked busily till she
was rubbed, warmed, dosed with hot
drinks, and asleep. Then I astonished
Mrs. Crofton and the relatives waiting
for the midnight train, by fainting, for
the first time in my life.

They put me to bed then, after pour
ing something hot down my throat,
and I never awakened till morning. My
married cousin, Fanny Greyson, had
left me a kind note, telling me to come
and see her as soon as I was able, and
I rose and dressed hastily to obey her
summons. But before I had complet
ed my toilet duties, the room floor
seemed to rise and strike me in the
face, and I could see the ocean dash
ing with a great roar in at the win
dow.

Worn out by long nursing and the
excitement of saving my cousin, was
the doctor's verdict, as I tossed in del
irium. For Ellie had told her story,
though she said I seemed to rise out
of the waves to rescue her. She was
well the next day, but I lay at death's
door for many long days, coming back
to life slowly, and oh, so reluctantly!
What did life offer me? Ashes.

Yet in those days of convalescence,
I wondered at the change in Ellie.

Wilfred, having accepted the sacrifice
required of him, would not embitter
her gentle heart by a knowledge of its
magnitude. He altered nothing of
the kind brotherly affection he had
given his little cousin, and she required
no more for perfect content. The old
look of fear had gone from her soft
blue eyes, and the tenderest blush,
like the petal of a white rose, bloomed
upon her cheek. Her step became
buoyant, her voice gained a clear,
sweet melody. In the days when I lay
too weak to rise, but once again cor
rections, Ellie was my companion, when
ever Wilfred was out. She would nestle
her fair face close to mine upon the
pillow, and talk to me softly of her
lover, of his goodness to her, of her
happiness—blind to the misery I suc
ceeded in hiding.

I wonder now that I escaped insani
ty in those days; but I recovered
slowly, till I could venture to write to
Fanny Greyson, and prepare for my
journey.

I had kept my room until the last
day. Then Ellie insisted upon my
coming to dinner. I was to leave by
an early morning train, though the
young heiress begged me to stay, at
least till after the quiet wedding driv
ing very near. But I was obstinate.

The dinner was a very quiet one.
Wilfred gave me a grave, tender greet
ing, evidently requiring all his self
control to keep calm, and I thanked
him for his kind congratulations upon
my restored health.

But as I went to my room, he offer
ed me his arm. For one moment we
were alone in the hall. He bent over
me then, and his voice trembled as he

said, "Farewell, Gertrude! The last
few hours prove to me that we may
not meet soon. Bless you, wherever
you may be!"

"May you be ever happy," I said,
steadily. "It will be my constant
prayer, Wilfred, that you may forget
me, and learn to love Ellie as she
loves you."

That was our parting, fifteen years
ago. It was ten years before I looked
upon Wilfred Crofton's face. I was
Fanny Greyson's governess for five
years, most kindly treated. Then my
father's brother left me a moderate
fortune, and I ceased to drive grammar
into juvenile heads. Fanny Greyson
will never let me speak of leaving her,
and I have helped make trosses for
most of my former pupils.

Five years ago I visited Crofton
Place, at Ellie's urgent request. Wil
fred, a portly gentleman, gave me a
cordial welcome, and I soon saw that
my conscience-exacted prayer was
granted. The little matron who wel
comed me had developed in the sun
light of happiness to a perfect woman
hood, and had won the heart of her
husband. Three beautiful children
gave a holy strength to the tie, and I
could weep softly and be glad at the
home-love never to be mine.

AN INTERESTING SERVICE.

(From the Concord, N. H., Monitor, May 27, '78.)

A very interesting service was held
in St. Paul's Church, yesterday after
noon, entirely in the sign language,
for the benefit of deaf-mutes, by Rev.
Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church,
New York, widely known for his la
bors in behalf of this unfortunate
class of our fellow-beings, not only in
this country, but throughout the
world. And at our usual service at
half-past six, evening prayer, which
was read by Rev. C. A. Merritt, of St.
Paul's School, was interpreted in sign
language by Dr. Gallaudet, standing
and kneeling on the chancel platform;
and it was interesting to see how
eagerly every motion was watched by
the deaf-mutes present, to say nothing
of the rest of the congregation, who,
though able to hear and to speak, were
equally absorbed in following the in
terpreter. Dr. Gallaudet made an ex
cellent address, giving a sketch of the
rise and progress of the sign language,
with illustrations of it. And he also
told of the work done by our church
in New York and elsewhere for the
benefit of deaf-mutes, who take more
readily to a form of worship than to
any other kind, as after they have
learned to read, they can follow every
part of the service, while it is an im
possibility for them to comprehend an
entirely extemporaneous performance.
The church mission for deaf-mutes has
branches all over the country, about a
thousands persons being brought un
der its influence. In New York a
Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes
has been started, having already eight
inmates. I asked myself more than
once during this address, Do we, who
have all our faculties in perfection,
realize what we should be and do with
out them? Just think of never hear
ing the human voice, in speaking or
singing; of being shut up for ever in
silence—how horrible it must be! It
does not seem so dreadful not to be
able to speak, because that can in a
measure be compensated by signs, but
never to hear must be melancholy in
the extreme. Dr. Gallaudet hoped
that the congregation, as well as all
others in the land, would each year
remember in their offerings this un
fortunate class of our fellow-beings on
the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, as
the Gospel for that day relates the
story of our Blessed Lord curing the
deaf and dumb man. Money is needed
for carrying on this good work, as for
every other object of benevolence and
charity.

J. A. E.

The End of the McKoskey Scandal.

The scandalous story about Bishop
McKoskey, of Michigan, has collaps
ed. A fellow who was seeking the
hand of the lady—since married to
another gentleman—stole four letters
from her, these being from the Bishop
to the lady, his ward, and nothing in
them objectionable. With these he
manufactured other letters and offered
his tale to the N. Y. Herald. That
paper rejected and the Chicago Times
bought it. So the fellow gratified his

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1878.

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Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
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U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes
published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A coming event—the total eclipse
of the sun on the 29th of July—has
for astronomers an interest greater
even than that of the transit of Mer-
cury. Yet nothing has been done to
take advantage of it. The path of to-
tality of this eclipse runs diagonally
across the center of the United States,
from Montana to Texas, and is be-
tween 120 and 140 miles wide. Many
of the best points for observation are
directly accessible by railroad, and a
dozen expeditions might be equipped
and sent to as many different points
with only a fraction of the outlay of-
ten made by European nations in sin-
gle expeditions for similar purposes.
Admiral John Rogers, the superin-
tendent of the naval observatory,
speaking to a correspondent of the
Tribune upon the importance of this
matter, said that the sum of all the
opportunities which all the astron-
omers of the world can get for ob-
serving such eclipses does not exceed five
or six hours in a century. Recent
discoveries have rendered it probable
that many if not all of the great me-
teorological changes going on upon
the earth are caused by events taking
place upon the sun, and many ques-
tions relating to the physical consti-
tution of that orb, and the changes
there taking place can only be studied
during a total eclipse.

A libel suit which the Buffalo *Courier*
has just ceased to defend against—the
plaintiff having been nonsuited—has
a moral which candidates for pub-
lic office may well heed. In January
last the plaintiff in the suit was a can-
didate before the common council of
Buffalo for the office of city auditor.
Thereupon the *Courier* observed very
frankly that the candidate had never
shown that he possessed the qualities
of unimpeachable integrity and good
business ability which were indispen-
sable in an auditor and did not "meet
the requirements of the position." The
candidate was not appointed and
brought suit against the *Courier*, laying
his damages at \$7,400—\$5,000 for the
injury to his reputation and \$2,400
for the lost salary. But the case never
came to trial, for when it was called
the defendant moved for a nonsuit on
the ground that the allegations com-
plained of were not libelous, and the
court granted the motion. Concerning
the case the New York *Evening*
Post says:

In cases like this newspapers have a
twofold duty to perform. They owe
it to the public to point out specifi-
cally and boldly any objections that
may exist against any candidate for office,
and they also owe it to the candidate
not to make any criticisms of him which
are not well founded. When a man
accepts a public nomination, he must
be ready to have his past conduct
criticized, and if he has not proved his
fitness for the position a newspaper
has a right to say so. The meaning
of the decision in the present case is
that a newspaper which, after proper
inquiry, pronounces its judgment that
a candidate is not the proper person
to hold the position which he seeks is
not compelled to sustain that position
by definite specifications in order
to protect itself in a suit for damages.
Any other view of the matter would
practically muzzle the press.

The decision is a righteous one and
for the public safety. The newspaper
that does not oppose the election of a
candidate whom it finds to be unfit, is
derelict and unfaithful to duty.

It is not good for man to be alone,
nor is it always safe for woman to be
in company. The misfortune of Mrs.
Finn, near Houston, O., proves this
fact. During the honeymoon she and
her husband suddenly awoke with the
conviction that there was a burglar
under the bed. Had Mrs. Finn per-
severed in a life of maiden meditation
instead of betaking herself to matri-
monial dialogue she could not have
been aroused under any such fear, for
she would have taken the precaution
to look for a man under the bed be-
fore retiring. But the sense of com-
panionship and the reliance upon
masculine protection had lulled her
into false security, and she went to
bed forgetful of all sub-lectularian
snarls and possibilities. Nobody stops
to look under the nuptial couch for
a burglar. Moreover, had she while

unmarried forgotten by any strange
chance to reconnoitre before going
to bed, and awakened from dreams of
arson, robbery and murder "in the
first sweet sleep of night" with the
belief that the man who killed Nathan
and Dr. Burdell and Helen Jewett
and Maria Rogers was under her bed
with five derringers in his belt, a rifle
in one hand, hatchet in the other and
a bowie-knife in his teeth, she would
have simply risen up and howled for
assistance, closing the performance,
perhaps, with a fainting fit on the
approach of the alarmed household.
As the matter stood, however, she had
a young wife's fond opinion of her
lord and master's matchless strength
and courage, and while he rushed to
get his shot-gun she coolly proceeded
to swing herself out of bed. It is to
be hoped she did not put her best
foot foremost, for Mr. Finn returning
with his gun and mistaking in his fear
the foot of his spouse for the burglar's
head discharged a load of shot into
it. If the foot was large enough to
make the husband's mistake a natural
one, the loss of three toes consequent
upon the wound will bring with it
some sort of consolation. The limb
will indeed gain in beauty by its de-
crease in size, and for many feminine
uses, such as resting on a hassock or
trampling on a cheap bonnet, it will
be as available as ever, though poorly
adapted to the aesthetic purposes of
feet in tripping fantastic measures in
festive halls, and utterly worthless for
their more serious matrimonial func-
tions, such as kicking a husband down
stairs. The moral of this misadventure
of Mrs. Finn is plain. It is ex-
tremely dangerous for women who de-
sire to keep their normal number of
toes to get married. In the present
terrorized condition of society, when
every man with a silver-plated cester
in the house expects to be robbed, and
keeps a loaded gun or pistol within
reach of his couch, a man of substance
suddenly aroused from sleep is more
dangerous than a conchion lion. Any
woman rash enough to venture upon
wedlock should at least carry with her
into her new life all the habits of pre-
caution acquired in her former con-
dition. She should look carefully into
the closets and under the bed before
retiring, and make sure that the lurk-
ing house-breaker is not hidden in the
bureau drawers, and she should refuse
to sleep in the same house with a
loaded weapon of any kind. If after
due preventive measures on her part
there comes the cry of a thief in the
night, let her prudently thrust her
head beneath the coverlid and scream,
leaving her husband and the burglar
to settle things between them, after
the example of the western wife who
prided herself upon her impartiality
in the contest between her spouse and
the bear. The case of the unfortunate
Mrs. Finn reinforces in the strongest
manner the outcry of the women's
meeting against Judge Hilton. And
yet by a strange irony of destiny it
seems at the same time to prove that
in providing a dwelling-place for wom-
en alone Judge Hilton was really in-
suring them against the worst perils
to life and limb.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.
We take pleasure in recording the
fact that it has been decided to cele-
brate the coming Fourth of July in
this village. The committee on sub-
scriptions for this object are meeting
with very good success, many of our
citizens contributing liberally, and
there seems to be no reasonable doubt
that the necessary means will be forth-
coming for observing the day in a
manner equal, if not superior, to any
former occasion of the kind.

Contrary to the expectations of
many the generosity of our people
favors the plan of celebrating the
Fourth in a distinguished style, help-
ing willingly the matter along by
contributing of their means.

Aside from the enjoyments afforded
at home by the celebration of the birth
of our national Independence, it is,
unquestionably, wise economy to pro-
vide amusements and enjoyments at
our homes in preference to going
abroad for them on that national hol-
iday, thus obtaining an equal, if not
greater, amount of pleasure, at much
less expense, to say nothing of the
benefits arising from spending money
at home instead of scattering it at dis-
tant points.

The committee on finance are push-
ing their work vigorously and, with
responses to their calls with the alac-
rity and generosity displayed by many
already, there will be no obstacle in
the way of celebrating the Fourth of
July, 1878, in a creditable manner, for
which, in many former years, Mexico
has gained the applause and envy of
some of its surrounding towns, many
of the citizens of which, though per-
haps no less patriotic, have often been
more reluctant to provide funds with
which to celebrate the day. But we
do not wish to go abroad on such a
day of jubilee to obtain a glimpse of
patriotism which may be had with
little expense and less trouble in our
very midst. Present appearances are
favorable for the celebration of July
4th, 1878, with a greater variety and
better class of amusements than this
village has ever heretofore offered on
any similar occasion. In a few days
we shall publish a programme of the
day's amusements, as near as is pos-
sible. In the meantime, it is hoped
every one will do the best to encourage
the project.

CARD OF THANKS.

We desire to acknowledge our sin-
cere thanks to the many friends who
kindly assisted us by their presence,
work and words in our recent and be-
reavement, and trust that our Heavenly
Father will bestow blessings upon
them that we are unable to express.

S. MOREHOUSE AND DAUGHTERS.

MEXICO ACADEMY.

School at our Academy will close
next week for the regular summer va-
cation.

On Tuesday evening, June 18th,
Hinton's Orchestra, of Syracuse, will
give a Concert, under the auspices of
the graduating class, at the Presby-
terian Church.

On Wednesday, June 19th, the An-
niversary Exercises of the Academy
will be held in the above-named church,
commencing at 10 o'clock.

The session in the forenoon will be
occupied in the Exhibition of the Un-
der Graduates.

The afternoon session will com-
mence at 2 o'clock, when the Gradu-
ating Class' Exercises will take place,
followed by the Annual Address, which
will be delivered by Rev. W. L. Par-
ker, of Oswego, the well and favorably
known former rector of Grace (Epi-
scopal) Church of this village. Hinton's
Orchestra will furnish the mu-
sic.

The Exercises throughout the day
will be of a highly interesting charac-
ter, and there will, without doubt, as
in former years, be a large attendance.

DEAF-MUTE COMMUNICANTS.

DR. GALLAUDET'S REUNION OF THE COM-
FIRMED AT ST. ANN'S.

From the N. Y. World.

On certain feast days of the Church
Dr. Gallaudet, who has labored so
many years in preaching to the deaf
and dumb, invites his flock to what is
called "a reunion of the confirmed." An
invitation being Whit-Sunday such an
event was given, and at the morning
service there gathered around the
common-table many worshippers,
of which number some forty were deaf-
mutes, for Dr. Gallaudet's ministry is
not to the deaf and dumb alone. The
mute communicants were first invited
to the Lord's table, on either side of
which, emblazoned in gold text upon
the wall, is written, "The tongue of
the dumb shall sing," and "the ears of
the deaf shall be unstopped." One by
one they approached the chancel. A
stranger would have missed the soft-
hushed footsteps with which com-
municants who feel the solemnity of
silence approach the altar. While the
bread and the wine were handed to them
by the assistant pastor the eloquent
hands of the rector repeated in that
wonderfully graceful pantomimic lan-
guage, "The body of our Lord Jesus
Christ which was given for thee—the
blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which
was shed for thee." And the head of
each worshipper bowed upon the chan-
cel rail, as if he had heard the words.

DON'T FORGET THAT CONCERT.

Under the auspices of the 1878
Graduating Class of Mexico Academy,
Hinton's Orchestra, of Syracuse, will
give a Concert on Tuesday evening,
June 18th, at the Presbyterian Church,
in this village. As we have hereto-
fore said this concert is to be given
under the auspices of the Graduating
Class to meet expenses on Anniversary
Day (June 19th), and it is, hoped all
who can will attend it, especially ev-
erybody who takes an interest in our
Academy. This will be a rare oppor-
tunity for our citizens to patronize a
first-class Concert, where they may
get more than dollar for dollar for the
money expended.

Doors open at 7; Concert to com-
mence at 7:45.
Tickets, 25 cents; Children under
twelve years, 15 cents.

OBITUARY.

Died in Victory, Cayuga county, N. Y., June
1, 1878, of consumption, David W. Fullerton, in
his sixty-third year.

The subject of this notice (a deaf-mute), was
brought up in Hebron, Washington county, in this
State, but most of his life was spent in Hannibal,
Oswego county, next at Fort Plain, Montgomery
county. His father was blessed with fourteen
children, half of whom were deaf-mutes, includ-
ing David. Among these, who were known to
some readers of the JOURNAL, were Walter Full-
erton, who died a few years ago, at the same age
as David at his decease, and Mrs. Sayles York
(now deceased), whose husband still lives in Pal-
myra, N. Y. David was the only one that sur-
vived his mute brothers and sisters.

The deceased obtained his education in the
"Old" New York Institution. His education was
rather limited, yet he possessed fair talents. In
his pantomime he was to make many good jokes
and humorous sayings to amuse his associates,
who now miss him very much.
He was married to Miss Maria Garlock, for-
merly of Ganley, Oswego county, and they were
blessed with three children; but only one is now
living. He, with his wife, moved to Victory,
N. Y., last winter, to reside with Mr. E. C. Bene-
dict, where he remained till his life was despaired
of. In his confinement, he talked of and listened
attentively, with his eyes, about religion, which
he gave unmistakable evidence of having experi-
enced. The writer was sent for, at his request,
and was present a few days prior to his decease.
He conversed with him some on religion, &c.,
He expressed his perfect willingness to die.
In his dying hours he was calm, and happy in his
dreams about heavenly glory. He expressed a
wish to have his beloved wife continue a religious
practice, so as to meet him in the Paradise above.
Trusting in the "Mighty One," he passed through
the shadows and entered the realms of eternal
light. He leaves a loving wife and an only, chris-
tened daughter, Mrs. Conkling, two speak-
ing brothers, and many friends to mourn his
loss. His remains were, as I understood, con-
veyed to Hannibal to be interred by the side of
his new relatives. J. B. P.

Wolcott, N. Y., June 5, 1878.

A WISE DEACON.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell
me how you kept yourself and family
so well the past season, when all the
rest of us have been sick so much, and
have had the doctors running to us so
long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very
easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and
kept my family well and saved large
doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of
it kept us all well and able to work all
the time, and I will warrant it has cost
you and most of the neighbors one to
two hundred dollars apiece to keep
sick the same time. I guess you'll
take my medicine hereafter." See
other column.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

'The Colorado Institution has lately been pho-
tographed.

Teachers at the Kansas Institution feel like
taking a free ride to Pike's Peak.

Professor Brown, of the Michigan Institution,
is building a new house for himself.

One hundred and twenty-five Iowa deaf-mutes
have signed the temperance pledge.

The word *Concord* was defined by a deaf-mute
boy as a man who runs from a cow.

The mother of Mrs. J. J. Borden, of Jackson,
Mich., died, recently, at an advanced age.

Professor John Turner will soon be in Chicago,
Ill., and will officiate on the 16th inst.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press cannot see how it is
that deaf-mutes can give "hear-say" evidence.

The regular meeting of the board of trustees of
the Colorado Institution was held June 11th.

Rev. A. W. Mann recently baptized an infant
child, of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, at Jackson, Mich.

Some fingers are among the results attained at
base-ball by some of the Kansas Institution boys.

All of the Ohio State printing and binding is,
hereafter, to be done at the Ohio Institution for
Deaf-Mutes.

A party from the Kentucky Institution lately
went to Dix River to gather ferns and moss for their
fountain.

CORNBARS, gooseberries, cherries, strawberries,
and raspberries have lately been abundant at the
Illinois Institution.

The sheriff of Adams county, Ill., Mr. Adams,
lately visited the Illinois Institution—we hope not
on official business.

JOHN W. Pierson and Mary A. Barber, graduates
of the Michigan Institution, were married at Ox-
ford, Mich., May 21st.

GEORGE WAIT, son of Professor Wait, of the
Illinois Institution, will enter the National Deaf-Mute
College next fall.

GEORGE M. GRUNDMAN and Mary M. Murray
are the editors of the *Leisure Moments*, published
at the Michigan Institution.

J. J. Tucker, formerly a teacher in the Blind
Department of the Minnesota Institution, is al-
most completely restored to sight.

PROFESSOR SCHILLING's class will render, in signs,
Whittier's "Dare Foot Boy," at this year's closing
exercises of the Wisconsin Institution.

HENRY HOWLAND, a graduate of the Illinois In-
stitution, has moved from North Huron, to Wol-
cott, N. Y., near the residence of Mr. Pim.

THEODORE A. FROELICH, of New York, has lately
been confined to his bed by rheumatism, but,
though quite weak, he is now getting better.

THE editor of the Kentucky *Deaf-Mute* denies
that he was married on the 23d of last April, but
says he is ready to receive "applications."

ALBERTUS OVERHIERE and Miss LUNA ALWAY,
both graduates of the Michigan Institution, were
married at Otsego, Allegan county, Mich., May
26th.

The examination of pupils at the Virginia In-
stitution is now being conducted by committees
of experienced teachers not connected with the
institution.

THE good boys of the Michigan Institution are
very gallant. They have recently built a bridge
across a creek near by, so the girls can get over
and gather flowers.

THE Kentucky Institution was lately honored
by a visit from the Grand Commandery Knight
Templars of that State, while they were holding
their annual session.

MISS L. S. CARTWRIGHT, composer in the *Star*
eye, was recently off on account of a sore
eye. Of course the editor felt congratulated
that it was not himself.

Mrs. Sarah E. Sip and party, of New York,
who spent the summer season at Dexter, N. Y.,
last year, were so delighted with the place that
they have gone there again this year.

ALFONSO HAMILTON and Annie M. Ferguson,
graduates of the Michigan Institution, were re-
cently married at Moscow, Hillsdale county,
Mich. Their home is Pentonville, Mich.

PHILIP SNYDER, one of the Michigan Institu-
tion boys, completed eight No. 1 brooms inside
of three hours, and other boys are not much behind
him in the amount and quality of their work.

Two good self-working winks, one for the girl
and the other for the boy, with the consoling
anticipations of the near approaching vacation,
are sufficient to make the Kansas Institution pupils
happy.

EX-PRINCIPAL E. L. BANGS, formerly of the
Michigan Institution, recently delivered a very
interesting and well received lecture on "Every-
day Life and Everyday People," in Washington
Hall, Pontiac, Mich.

NORTHWESTERN model, mumps, whooping
cough and small pox have prevailed in some parts
of the State, the pupils of the Kansas Institution,
says the *Star*, have enjoyed good health during
the entire year.

STEAK thieves attempted to gain admission to
the room of George L. Schofield, of the Kentucky
Institution, by cutting some of the slats from the
windows, but failed, being in some way frightened
before finishing the work.

MISS ELLEN C. JONES, a graduate of the Virginia
Institution, died on the 23d ult. Soon after gradu-
ating, in 1875, she was appointed manager of
the sewing-room at the above-named institution,
and filled the position satisfactorily up to the
time of her death.

WITH the June 6th number the *Star* suspends
for vacation. Its next number will be issued
September 12th, and will be entirely the work
of pupils, who will prepare the copy, set the type,
correct the proof, and do the press work.
May success crown their labor.

We are informed that there was a mistake in
regard to the expected visit of Rev. Dr. Gallau-
det at Rockford, as we published it recently. Our
informant says that Dr. Gallaudet will, however,
visit that place next time he goes west, if time
and other circumstances permit.

C. L. BUCHAN is working in a furniture man-
ufacturing establishment at Rockford, Ill., which
he says is the largest in that part of the country.
He is doing very well at piece work, making ba-
reux, book-cases and other articles, for which he
receives good pay and has more work than he can
do.

DR. G. P. GILLET, superintendent of the Illinois
Institution, who sailed for Europe on the 22d ult.,
has been appointed by the governor of Illinois
one of the commissioners to represent that State
at the Paris Exposition, and to visit public institu-
tions in Europe. He expects to be absent about
four months.

JACOB E. TUTTLE, of Rockford, Ill., says he left
a good house (of course he left it) at Peconica,
Ill., which he will rent to any responsible party
for \$5 dollars a month, rent payable every month.
He also says he intends to have a large, new
house, nicely painted, in a few years. (He does
not tell where it is to be located.) Mr. Tuttle
says he has an eye to future prosperous business,
and thinks he can assure a large fortune.

At the Illinois Diocesan Convention of the
Episcopal Church, held in the Cathedral, Chicago,
a brief address prepared by Rev. Mr. Mann, relat-
ing to church work among deaf-mutes, was read
by the secretary of the convention. The Rev. J.
H. Knowles, Messrs. Holmes and George were also
in attendance at the convention.

The pupils of the West Virginia Institution
were recently delighted by a very comical little
show—an organ grinder and a monkey, the latter
playing on a tambourine, and dancing, also playing
cymbals and bells in quite a natural style. The
pupils of that institution lately passed their ex-
amination in a very satisfactory manner.

On the 30th of May nearly all the inmates of
the Kentucky Institution went on an excursion,
by special car, to the Kentucky River Bridge on
the Cincinnati Southern Railway, fourteen miles
from Danville. The bridge is 280 feet above the
water, is an object of interest well worth visiting,
and is said to be the highest bridge in the world.

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN" says Prof. Wait, of the Illinois
Institution, says the bridge of the nose is the
smallest one in the world. I think it is, as his
servant once passed a plate of buckwheat cakes
around his table, and made a mistake by omitting
him, which made a bridge of his long red nose,
like the roller of the *deaf-mute*. Is not this so?

Mrs. Rolla Wells, a deaf and dumb gentleman,
well known to some of our citizens, has been
among us the past few days, selling sticking salve
and several other remedies of his own manufac-
ture, all of which are spoken of highly. We are
glad to hear that he has met encouragement
wherever he went, and we hope he will meet with
the same reception wherever he may go.—*The*
South Coast, (San Luis Obispo, Cal.) May 1,
1878.

The first Institution paper ever published in the
United States was issued from the press of the
North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb
and the Blind, under the name of "The Deaf-
Mute," about 1855, and the same Institution was
the first to introduce printing as one of the me-
chanical branches taught the pupils. The print-
ing office was enlarged in the State, at the time,
and had two Adams' power presses run by steam.
—*Gazette*.

EDWARD BOOTH, of Ansonia, Ia., recently lec-
tured before the Chicago, Deaf-Mute Society, in
their room on Madison street. Mr. Booth was
one of the early teachers at the American Asylum
and was a fellow teacher of Rev. W. Turner and
others, of note in deaf-mute education. A por-
trait of the founder of that asylum hangs in the
room. It was executed in crayon by Marcus H.
Kerr, of Jackson, Mich. Mr. Booth pronounced
it a most perfect picture of that great philanthro-
pist.

THE JOURNALMAN has been presented with a
beautiful cornetto from some admiring friend.
What he wants a cornetto for, we can't for the life
of us find out, unless it is to blow off his superflu-
ous wind that he can't find room for in the JOURNAL.
—*Star*.

[No, we never had much room in our paper for
wind, and had rather let the cornetto convey it to
the world than crowd it into the columns of our
paper, which would only be copying the example
of some of our exchanges—the *Star* for instance.
—*DE JOURNAL*.]

THE recent fair at Central Hall netted about
\$90 for the proposed Deaf-Mute Home, and there
are many articles left over, the gift of ba-
lance people, for which the ladies holding the fair
express much gratitude. It is their intention to
hold a fair in March, to dispose of the re-
maining articles, valued at the lowest at \$60 with
probable additions, and they hope to increase the
building fund by that means. Appearances in-
dicate that the Trustees of the Home will take a
finely appointed farm located in West Pembury,
the same which was considered by the Hospital
Committee before they decided upon the present
location.—*Salem, Mass. Register*, June 3, 1878.

At a meeting of the Salem Society of Deaf-
Mutes, on Friday evening, Mr. Henry A. Chap-
man presented to the Society a handsomely framed
copy of the By-Laws of the organization. The
Society was formed by Mr. Philo W. Packard two
or three years ago, and was incorporated in April,
1878. This frame will be on exhibition for a few
days at the furniture warehouse of Messrs. W. C.
Packard & Co., next east of Mechanic Hall, and
we doubt not it will attract admiration as a spec-
imen of the genius of a deaf-mute architect. The
ornamentation is remarkably well done.—*Salem*,
Mass. Register, June 8, 1878.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL says that a road
has been graded and fifty evergreens have been
sent out at this Institution. Will the JOURNAL
please tell us where they are situated? No one
about the place knew of their existence till they
read that item.—*Ey. Deaf-Mute*.

The Colorado Institution claims to be the one
mentioned above. The JOURNAL man undoubtedly
saw the item in the *Index*, but on account of
his morbid sensitiveness, is both blind and deaf
to anything originating "out west." He edits
a very fair paper and seems to be a gentleman, but
like all other people thinks because he gets "touch-
ed up" occasionally that he must get mad and
"pont." "Pull down your vest and wipe off your
eyes!"—*Index*.

[We confess to the mistake and accept the situ-
ation. Yes, we will wipe our chin, as usual, af-
ter reading western news.—*ED. JOURNAL*.]

In Pest, Austria there now rises a splendid
building, which is intended for an asylum of
poor Jewish deaf and dumb children. For a long
time the many of the benefactor was not known,
but last a lachlor, by the name of Aaron Fox,
died, and in his will it was found that he had left
among other large bequests \$40,000 for the
deaf and dumb institution. It was then re-
membered that sturdy institutions, as well as
deserving private individuals, had from time to
time anonymously received most munificent sums.
Sponsor, the name of the benefactor never
transpiring. Inquiries were then instituted, and
all these benefactors were traced to this unpre-
tending individual, whose means and benevolence
were equally shrouded in mystery. Fox was
alive. Indeed, so secretly were his acts of char-
ity performed that it was with some difficulty
they were ultimately traced to the deceased.

Standard British Poets,

Comprising in all 16 Volumes LAMAR 16

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 2, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our vacation will begin on the 19th of June, and it is proposed, in imitation of the usual practice in sister colleges, to give a farewell banquet at the students' own expense, to the graduating class, on the closing day of the term, and to establish it as a regular custom. I hope that this good idea will not prove to be one of those things which are easier said than done, for there is nothing that will bind our hearts closer together; nothing that will dwell more pleasantly in the background of our memory than the evening on which we talked, laughed and danced with each other, for the last time, perhaps for ever. Instead of hurrying off the very next day with only a shake of the hand, which does not signify much, we could, in social converse, show our regard and kindly feelings to the best advantage. And who knows but that on such an occasion as this many an act of ill-feeling and hatred, which had been engendered during our college lives, would be softened down, or forgotten in the joyous mirth of the hour?

The name which was bestowed on this college by its original founders seems to be getting lost in that of "Kendall College," as this is the usual title used by the papers. We scarcely know whether to regard it as a matter of regret or otherwise, though there is a man now living who has done more than any other for the college, and whose memory deserves to be perpetuated in its name. Speaking of our *alma mater* reminds me of the increasing pride and love which the students are beginning to feel in the noble institution which is preparing us for the grand struggle with the world. They have won the college colors on the lapel of their coats ever since Presentation Day. "Buff and Blue" have become as familiar to the public as the color of the Kendalls' uniform. At games of base-ball, at occasions of rejoicing and at receptions, the college spirit is very conspicuous. This unity of feeling, or, in better words, *esprit de corps*, should be fostered and encouraged, as it yields an influence for good that cannot be too much praised. Some of the students are wearing the colors around their straw hats.

There was a self-invited guest in the dining-room recently. It was nothing less than a kid, the pet of President Gallaudet's boys. By a wonderful sagacity, the four-footed guest pattered past all the other tables direct to that of the teachers, as if it was aware that the most dainties were to be had there. If the kid had behaved itself, it might have got enough to eat; but, not being satisfied with what it got, it suddenly raised itself, putting its fore feet upon the table, creating a diversion among the crockery. Gluttony, as is the way of the world, met with its just deserts, and the intruder was driven out of the room, though not without a decided resistance.

We had a distinguished visitor here a week or two ago; no less a personage than President Porter, of Yale College, the brother of our own Professor Porter. We never saw the genial old professor look as happy as during this brief visit of his dearest relative. One student asked the president why the Yale nine allowed themselves to be beaten by the Princeton in a game of base-ball the other day.

Professor Spencer, whom many graduates will remember as a strict disciplinarian, but than whom there was no better natured, or kinder-hearted man out of the class-room, has been paying us a visit. He will return to Germany in a few days, for the purpose of studying chemistry more thoroughly than it is taught elsewhere.

At a meeting of the Sunday-school it was voted that the amount of the collections now at our disposal in the bank, over \$150, should be given, one-third each to the following named benevolent institutions: First on the list stands the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, of New York, (as charity should begin at home); secondly the Women's Christian Association, in this city, of which the cheerful, gifted Mrs. Chickering is president; lastly a well-known object of charity, the Board of Foreign Missions.

The annual picnic of the Sunday-school was held at the Great Falls of the Potomac, on the 25th ult. We went thither on a canal boat, which had been specially fitted up for this purpose, and the journey might have proved dull and tedious, indeed, had not its monotony been relieved by a visit to the Cabin John Bridge, by walks upon *terra firma* from one lock to another, and other diversions. The most amusing of these diversions occurred when two students, exercising their legs upon the land, had their progress arrested by a deepening pond, which stood directly in their way. Nothing daunted, these perambulators jumped upon the hard, bony backs of the equine race that drew our conveyance along, crossing the water in this style, amid much laughter and waving of handkerchiefs from the rest of the party.

The aqueduct bridge mentioned above has a history of its own, which it may not be amiss to repeat here. The strange name by which it is known was suggested by the neighborhood of a man who led a hermit's life, under the cognomen of Cabin John. This bridge is said to have

the largest arch in the world, being used as an aqueduct for carrying water to the city. It was built while that (arch) rebel, Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, under President Buchanan, but was not finished until the administration of the martyred president, Abraham Lincoln, with one of the Camerons for secretary. On one side of the bridge is a large slab bearing the legend stating the above facts together with the date of its foundation and completion—with one exception. The name of the man who had tried his best to sever the Union was not fit any longer to be mentioned by a true American citizen, and it was forever effaced from the stone, leaving a blank that speaks volumes to an intelligent passer-by. It was done by order of Secretary Stanton, as loyal and true a patriot as ever breathed. A single look at the arch proved all that had been claimed for it; it was a stupendous structure (a big word to express a big thing,) and the only wonder is that the originator had not applied his genius to a better cause, in a later day.

Mrs. Chickering took advantage of the short time at our disposal to draw a hasty sketch of the famous bridge, putting the finishing touches to it while on board the boat. The sketch, though done in a hurry, presented a wonderful likeness to the object which we had just seen and admired.

After having satisfied our thirst at a bubbling spring, we returned and resumed the journey, which proved longer than was expected. During midday, dinner, or rather lunch, was served to us, making a most welcome addition to the day's programme. But all things must come to an end sooner or later, and we arrived at our destination at last. Many of us looked at the Great Falls for the first time in our lives, and, in looking at the magnificent scenery about the dashing, turbulent waters, we forgot all the discomforts of our travel and felt well repaid for all our trouble and toil in coming thither.

For me to attempt to describe the wild, picturesque beauty of the Falls would be a task beyond my powers; it beggars all description. Like all things of beauty, it must be seen to be appreciated. Some of the young ladies, not content with a distant glimpse of the object of our visit, were adventurous enough to venture among the rocks; but there were willing and ready hands to guard them against a misstep or any other accident.

Having gazed to our heart's content we returned to the boat. The homeward journey was made more quickly than in going up, owing to the swift current that bore our craft onward. Various ways of passing away the time that would otherwise have hung heavily over us, were resorted to, now that our walks on shore were prevented by the approaching darkness. The deck was cleared and then promenaded upon. We amused ourselves in another way, by playing a "band of music" in signs. Recent graduates of the college will readily understand what this favorite amusement of the students means.

Fatigued, but withal well pleased with the day's pleasures, we arrived home at a late hour of the night. There were some of us who enjoyed the picnic a great deal better than we thought we would, and brought tales of the wonders we had seen, and made those who stayed at home wish they had gone with the merry party of picnickers.

Decoration Day proved a disastrous day to the college, as will be perceived from the death by drowning of a fellow student, and the narrow escape of another from the same fate. About seven or eight of the students went on an excursion to Norfolk, Va. They left on Wednesday evening and arrived at their destination the following morning. One of the liveliest moments during the night was when the passengers made a scramble for the mattresses, there not being state rooms enough for so large a crowd. They slept in whatever place they fancied the most, and it was well they did not go down to a watery grave while they were so helplessly buried in their slumber, for, at one time, the steamer was in danger of collision with a schooner, which had neglected to hang out its head-light. Fortress Monroe was visited on the way. In coming back rather a funny incident occurred to enliven the passage. A certain Prep, suddenly catching sight of a huge fish-like form idly floating on the surface of the water, cried out, "Look, there is a whale." He was greeted with a shout of laughter from his companions, and, quick to perceive his blunder, he stammered out: "No; it is a por-porpenine." Of course this second word only made matters worse, and the "greenun" gave up in despair his attempt to spell "porpoise."

His fellow students showed him no mercy during the rest of the passage, continually asking him such questions as, "What do you know about a porcupine?" or, "is it an amphibious animal?" Throughout the whole trip there was a marked contrast between the behavior of the students and that of the rest of the passengers in regard to the value they set upon their lives. As soon as the boat left the wharf there was a general rush for life preservers, and nearly every passenger carried one around his body while on the steamer; but the students, most of whom are expert swimmers, exhibited no such concern for themselves, and enjoyed the excursion as much as did their more cautious fellow passengers. During the night passage a sudden squall struck the vessel, causing some dismay and terror on board. Some of the young ladies became sea-sick. What must have been the wonder and envy of the terrified

passengers, when they saw that, in the midst of all this tumult and noise, the deaf-mutes were sleeping on as peacefully and quietly as though they were lying on beds of down at home. On the whole the excursion was a very enjoyable affair, and the students had a "high, jolly time," as they express it.

On the same day another student, named Charles E. Stewart, of Baltimore, was out on the Potomac River, in a canoe. The frail boat was capsized by the squall, and, after struggling for a few moments in the water, he caught hold of the end of his canoe. Drawing his body up, he seated himself astride the boat and paddled his way to the shore. After turning the light vessel on its back and emptying out the water, Mr. Stewart looked around him and saw an upturned skiff, with its late occupants clinging to it in desperation. Regardless of his own safety, and unmindful of the fate from which he had barely escaped, he steered in the direction of the drowning men. These were two young men, one sitting on the back of the boat and the other in the water, almost ready to let go his hold, from utter exhaustion. A few minutes longer and Mr. Stewart would no doubt have been too late to save one of them. As it was, the man in the water clutched one end of the canoe, thus enabling him to keep his head above water. Then Mr. Stewart paddled his way slowly and carefully to the shore, but, before he had gone far, he was met by a police barge, which took the two men on board. It was learned that the party originally consisted of three men, but that the third one had lost his presence of mind at the moment of capsizing and was drowned.

A Senior riding in a car the other day met with considerable annoyance from an old toper who persisted, in rather a demonstrative way, to argue about something, in spite of his repeated avowals of deafness. Making the best of a bad situation, the student inclined his head to one side with the most imaginable air of attention possible, occasionally nodding approval whenever the eloquent disciple of Bacchus became more than usually argumentative. This scene caused considerable amusement on the part of the other passengers.

Rev. Dr. Clerc honored the college with a visit last week, and officiated at one of the morning services with a solemnity of manner that impressed us greatly.

A certain Senior tried his hand at plowing, the other day, but made such bungling work of it that a Prep, sneeringly remarked to the would-be graduate, "Your degree of B. A. does not seem to do you any good—you don't know how to handle the plow." A Soph. next made an effort at plowing, and also failed, whereupon a Junior cried out, "Your name is not White, but Green."

STUDENT.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 31, '78.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Yesterday was Decoration Day. A large military force marched to the statue of our dead president, Abraham Lincoln, in the afternoon. On arriving at the statue, they decorated it with garlands of flowers in memory of Mr. Lincoln. They then proceeded to the Masonic Cemetery, where they strewed flowers upon the brave dead soldiers' graves, and a minister made a prayer, after which the soldiers fired cannon. Some deaf-mutes joined in the procession and attended the decoration exercises.

There is no church for the deaf-mutes in this city, because we have no preacher.

Mr. Crandall moved to Oakland, Cal., last winter.

A month ago I went to San Luis Obispo, by steamship. Many passengers were sea-sick and in bed all day, while I walked the deck and enjoyed myself conversing with other passengers all day. When we landed I was much astonished to see the crops heavier than they had been for many years, although we had much severe rainy weather during last winter, when the floods in many places washed away the railroad and wagon bridges. I went to the new printing-office, where I met my warm old friend, a mute printer, named Newton M. P. Spurgeon, a graduate of the Ohio Institution. He is at present foreman. I am very proud of him. He is able to do all kinds of job-work, and three compositors are under his control. He is a clever, accomplished writer. Mr. Booth, of Anamosa, is equal to him. Mr. Spurgeon owned a printing-office in Hutonsville, Ill., and was publisher and editor for over a year. He finally sold out and returned to his present place of residence, where he has a brother living. He has a host of friends and acquaintances there. He is a regular writer for the *Advance*.

Mr. Editor, will you be kind enough to send the JOURNAL to N. M. P. Spurgeon, San Luis Obispo, Cal? I assure that he will write something good for your paper.

I went with a party of deaf-mutes to catch crabs with hoop-nets, and caught 83 large ones in half a day; we enjoyed the sport immensely. We came back to my house and ate them. San Francisco Bay abounds with fish, crabs, lobsters, etc., in abundance.

Yours truly,

ROLIN WELLS.

A Georgia farmer smeared his hogs with tar to rid them of fleas, and turned them loose in the woods. At night they did not return to the pen as usual, and in the morning he found them stuck together, the tar making them adhere in a mass. They might have gone home, nevertheless, by some act of action, but it isn't in a hog to harmonize.

A SURPRISE PARTY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 6, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On the evening of May 29th a large number of friends met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Juhring intending to give them a surprise party; but it was found necessary, in order to have our host and hostess at home, to tell them a few friends were coming to spend the evening. Judge of their astonishment when, instead of the few who were expected, ladies and gentlemen began to fill their parlor, and kept coming until there were present about forty persons. The committee consisted of Mrs. Nebel and Miss Leonora C. Gray.

On one side of the room was a covered table, which all glanced at, yet asked no questions concerning it. Our committee seemed to guard it closely. After enjoying a pleasant and lively conversation Mr. Nebel took the floor, and made an exceedingly witty address, during which the company were kept laughing most of the time. In the midst of his remarks, Mrs. Nebel and Miss Gray placed themselves one on each side of the table, raised the cloth, and exposed to view an exquisite Tea Set, of fine white china, consisting of sixty-three pieces ornamented with very delicate moss rose-buds, which were so natural that one's first impulse was to pick them off; also a handsome Toilet Set. In behalf of the company Mr. Nebel then presented them to Mr. and Mrs. Juhring. When Mr. Nebel finished his address, Mr. Juhring rose and thanked the friends for himself and wife. The guests were loud in their praises of the beauty of the dishes, the gentlemen admiring them fully as much as the ladies. The company were then invited down to supper, before partaking of which Mr. James Lewis made a prayer. Every one seemed determined to show his appreciation of the good things set before us, doing full justice to the bountiful repast. All were in the best possible spirits; not only happy themselves, but doing their utmost to make others so.

After supper games of all kinds were in order, and continued until a late hour. The guests then began to think of home, some having a long distance to go. Before leaving, all expressed themselves as having spent a delightful evening. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. Juhring, Mrs. Nebel and Miss Gray for their earnest endeavors to entertain their friends; also for the fine taste displayed in the selection of the dishes by the committee. We noticed several ladies who were beautifully dressed, but time forbids a description. Besides those already mentioned there were present: Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Kearth, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hovel, Mr. and Mrs. Swartz, Mr. and Mrs. Schutt; Misses H. Juhring and M. Juhring, Julia Higgins and—Smith; Messrs. McGill, A. Clark, Heyman, Madagober and many others.

A. VISITOR.

PROFESSOR JOB TURNER.

MAKING A FLYING VISIT TO KANSAS—A PASS.

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 5, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Where am I now? Oh! I am in St. Louis, Mo., a splendid city of about 400,000 inhabitants.

I arrived here safely from Jackson, Miss., last Saturday morning at 6½ o'clock, which was a pleasant journey of about two days and a half. I took great pleasure in fulfilling my promise last Sunday afternoon, at Christ Chapel, where a good meeting was held, considering its very short notice. Mrs. Bailey, well known as "the mother of the deaf and dumb," and her good daughter, Martha, worked very hard to give notice to as many deaf-mutes as they could meet with, in spite of the shortness of time. God reward their labors.

I had the inexpressible pleasure of holding a service before a larger number of deaf-mutes than I expected. I had never seen any of them before, but, after service, Miss Bailey, the Nightingale of deaf-mutes, introduced me to each of them.

Since my arrival I have had the unspeakable gratification of meeting some of my old Virginia friends here, who are leading citizens. They have most kindly looked after my comfort and introduced me to many prominent citizens. I would write more, but I am unexpectedly going to Kansas City to-night to visit the deaf and dumb institution at Olathe. I did intend to go to Jacksonville, Ill., to-night, and thence to Chicago, next Saturday, to officiate there next day, but God put it into the heart of a kind-hearted gentleman to give me a pass to Kansas City and return, which kind offer I accepted at once because I could clearly see that it was the finger of God. To Him belongs the success, and prosperity of the work in which He has put His unworthy servant.

I had a very nice time at Jackson, Miss., again, and they wanted me to stay with them several days longer, especially Mr. Talbot, the kind super-intendent, and Mr. Saunders. I stopped at Jackson, Tenn., for a day, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, who have two very interesting "deaf-mute" daughters, who are their idols. I was much interested in their welfare. They intend sending them away to finish their education. May their daughters live to be a great comfort to their parents. I got off soon. Nobody knows how busy I am.

Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

Why would't Oleomargarine do for a girl's name?—*Cincinnati Enquirer*. If we had a little girl and hadn't any but her, we would call her THAT.—*Richmond Independent*.

BETTER IN THE MORNING.

"You can't help the baby, parson, but still I want ye to go Down an' look in upon her, An' read an' pray, you know. Only last week she was skippin' round A pullin' my whiskers an' hair; A climbin' up to the table Int' her little high chair."

"The first night that she took it, When her little cheeks grew red, When she kissed good night to papa, And went away to bed—

Sez she, 'tis headache, papa, Be better in mornin'—bye, An' somethin' in how she said it Just made me want to cry,

"But the mornin' brought the fever, And her little hands were hot; An' the pretty red uv her cheeks Grew into a crimson spot. But she laid there just oz patient Ez ever a woman could, Takin' whatever we give her, Better 'n a grown woman would."

"The days are terrible long an' slow, An' she's growin' 'us in each; An' now she's just a skippin' Clear away out uv our reach. Every night when I kiss her, Tryin' hard not to cry, She says in a way that kills me, 'Be better in mornin'—bye!'"

"She can't get thro' the night, parson, So I want ye to come an' pray; An' talk with mother a little— You'll know just what to say— Not that the baby needs it, Nor that we make any complaint That God seems to think he's needin' The smile uv the little saint."

I walked along with the corporal To the door of his humble home, To which the silent messenger Before me had also come; And if he had been a titled prince, I would not have been honored more Than I was with his heartfelt welcome To his lowly cottage door.

Night fall again in the cottage; They move in silence and dread Around the room where the baby Lies panting upon her bed. "Does baby know papa, daddy?" And she moves her little face With answer which shows that she knows him, But scarce a visible trace.

Oh, her wonderful infantile beauty Remains as it was before; The unseen silent messenger Had waited at the door. "Papa—kiss—baby—'Tis—so—tired." The man bows low his face, And two swollen hands are lifted In baby's last embrace.

And into her father's grizzled beard The little red fingers clasp, While her husky whispered tenderness Tears from a rock would wring: "Baby—is—so—sick—papa— But—don't—want—you—to—cry." The little hands fall on the coverlet— "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

And night around baby is falling, Settling down dark and dense; Does God need their darling in heaven, That he must carry her voice, I prayed with tears in my voice, As the corporal solemnly knelt, With such grief as never before, His great warm heart had felt.

Oh! frivolous men and women! Do you know that around you and nigh— Alike from the humble and haughty— Goeth up evermore the cry: "My child, my precious, my darling, How can I let you die?" Oh! hear ye the white lips whisper— "Be—better—in—mornin'—bye!"

WAT TYLER.

Rockford Deaf-Mutes Profiting from the Preaching of Rev. A. W. Mann.

ROCKFORD, ILL., June 5, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Rev. Mr. Mann, on learning that Rt. Rev. McLaren, Bishop of Illinois, was to be at Emmanuel Church, in this city, on the evening of the 14th ult., made up his mind, after his service in St. Louis, to come and assist him in administering the rite of confirmation to a couple of mute candidates of Peconica, Ill., which he did. The bishop also administered the rite to eight hearing and speaking candidates. Before this meeting, in the afternoon, at 3:30, Mr. Mann gave us, eight mutes, a good service, and we all, who wish to be led into the light of Christianity, took great interest in his sermon.

The same evening, Mr. Mann took the night train for Ohio, where he intended to preach. Sometime we shall expect him and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet here together.

A LETTER FROM "UNCLE" THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENRIKER, N. H., June 2, 1878.

DEAR RIDER:—About twenty New Hampshire mutes met in Concord Saturday evening, May 25th. The name of the "Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission" being unanimously adopted, the following officers were elected for a term of two years: Chairman, Thomas Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett; Committee of three, Varum B. Wright, of Nashua, Archibald Allison, of Concord, and Almos Smith, of North Boston; Preacher and Leader, Rev. Job Turner, and in his absence such suitable person as the Board designate to officiate in delivering religious and moral lectures.

Sunday forenoon we had a good service, conducted by Messrs. Gallaudet and Atwood, and in the afternoon and evening at the Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. We enjoyed a very good time. Success and harmony were prevalent. Other mute papers please copy.

T. BROWN, Chairman.

A pretty schoolmistress in Malden, Mass., kept a boy fifteen minutes after school as a punishment, and when the time was up he asked her if she couldn't make it half an hour.

FALL RIVER DEAF-MUTE ITEMS.

FALL RIVER, MASS., June 8, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Being at leisure I thought I would write you a few lines hoping they will find a place in your paper of next week, as it may interest deaf-mutes who formerly lived in the Spindle City or now have relatives here. The Truant officers of this city have lately taken a census of the number of deaf-mutes residing in the city between the ages of eight and twenty-five, and report a great increase over last year. The reason they took the census was to give them a suitable education at the State's expense. As Fall River is in the State of Massachusetts the probability of their all going to Northampton is great; but I think that with a little arguing their parents will send them to Hartford, where the officers of the asylum realize that it is necessary for the children's future welfare and prosperity to have a full knowledge of signs, as, being deprived of the power of speech, the only pleasure that they will be liable to enjoy will be derived from talking in the silent language.

Samuel Wilkinson is still living here. He is the oldest deaf-mute in the city. By trade he is a cabinet maker, and he is a fair specimen of a Hartford educated deaf-mute. Compare him with a Northampton educated deaf-mute and it will appear as if the Northampton deaf-mute did not know his A. B. C's. Then, there is Miss Mary E. Wilbur, who is a deaf-mute residing in Little Compton, R. I., but who works for Hendrick's Harness and Reed Loom Company, and boards with Samuel. She is a specimen of no little deaf-mute capacity in intelligence. They are both well and getting along finely, but, owing to the great Chase and Hathaway defalcation, business is at present awfully dull, and she thinks of going home to spend her annual summer vacation near the seaside, as it is very warm here during the summer season.

Little Compton is a splendid place for a summer resort, and deaf-mute gentlemen would do well to go there to spend their vacation, if they have any to spend, for, in addition to having a nice, cool place they will have a nice and agreeable young lady for a companion, and one who is single, but who won't be long if one will only take the trouble to introduce himself.

One of your correspondents, who wrote "Lowell Notes," mentions that city as the City of Spindles. I say Fall River claims that title, as she has more spindles in her several mills than Lowell has. Two of our deaf-mute residents, Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, lately went to Maine to live. It is a great loss for us, as, during the greater portion of the time, seven deaf-mutes are at school (all at Hartford) and the loss of two more only leaves about ten, and in all, when they return from school, there are about seventeen. Below I give you a list of the officers of our society: President, T. J. Tillinghast, of New Bedford; Treasurer, S. Wilkinson, of Fall River; Sec'y—Committee, John Irwin, of ———.

FRED SMITH.

A THRILLING SCENE.

RESCUED FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH—EXCITEMENT OF THOSE ENGAGED.

San Francisco News Letter.

If there is one genuine and noble attribute still inhabiting poor, fallen human nature, it is the God-like instinct of assisting one's fellowmen in moments of hidden distress and unlooked for physical danger. On occasions when human life hangs in the balance, nothing is more touching and creditable than the manner in which personal comfort and safety is at once forgotten, and friends and foes join with equal ardor in such vital emergencies. The truth was illustrated with peculiar force yesterday afternoon, as many of our readers are already aware.

A couple of children, playing at the corner of Pine and Kearney streets, heard proceeding from the sewer opening a faint and evidently much exhausted voice calling for help. Some one, apparently a child, had fallen down the trap and was in eminent danger of suffocation. The news was soon communicated to the passers-by, and in a few moments tools were brought and the pavement was being rapidly torn up. In a short time a dense and excited crowd had congregated, and the sand flew in a perfect shower. No one held back. Kid-gloved dandies took their places beside sturdy draymen. As fast as one man came up exhausted, another promptly stepped into his place.

General McComb's well known form could be seen in the midst of the workers, while Auditor Maynard desperately tore up the compact soil with his bare fingers. At intervals the faint voice from the sewer could be heard gasping, "Help! hurry up!" and the like. Colonel Barnes came by, shouting some encouraging words down the hideous opening, and, flinging aside his coat, seized a just relinquished pick. By his side, with clenched teeth and dripping brow, his enemy of the day before, Frank Pixley, worked a heavy crowbar.

At this juncture the scene was rendered more intense by the appearance of a poor woman from a neighboring alley. She had just missed her little boy, and, with the unerring intuition of maternity, guessed it was her Johnny who was slowly smothering down in that hole. With terrified shrieks she alternately wrung her hands and covered her face with her apron. The sight of the poor crushed creature brought tears into the eyes of many a stalwart man present. "Would they be too late?" was the whisper that

passed from one pale bystander to another.

Jasper McDonald fell out of the ranks of the diggers and lay upon the sidewalk utterly worn out, and Barton Hill, the actor, stepped into his place. Mayor Bryant threw his official dignity to the winds, and, though equipped with nothing but a piece of tin can, did good service. The brokers, coming up from the just closed board, pitched in with a will. Sandy Anstin came near being submerged by the caving earth, as the pit deepened, and Turnbull in a few minutes looked as though he had been resurrected by the last tramp.

Even some of the workmen's party lent a hand. In just twenty-two minutes from the first alarm the sewer level was reached. The last spadeful of earth was thrown aside by Mr. Scott, of the Wells & Fargo, when, amid the deafening cheers of the immense crowd, the little prisoner emerged, dripping and almost dead, from his critical position. It was a parrot, that had left its perch in front of a neighboring bird store, and had fallen down the trap, and—but that's all.

WHY IS IT.

The truths of science and progressive thought have always been compelled to batter down the bulwarks of prejudice and disbelief, or remain forever unknown. Why is it that people are so reluctant to receive facts that relate directly to the phenomena of their own existence? Astronomers, upon discovering a star assign it a place at once, and it is forever fixed. The rule by which a mathematical problem is once solved becomes forever an axiom; but no matter how clearly the principles which govern health and sickness be demonstrated some refuse to believe. Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine, which are now so generally used, and deservedly popular, were, in their early days, very reluctantly received by the people. Today, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has out-rivalled the old time sarsaparilla, his Pellets are in general use in place of the coarse, huge, drastic pills formerly so much employed, while the sales of his Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy and his Favorite Prescription are enormous. Where the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or where there are scrofulous swellings and affections a few bottles of his Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite and tongue coated, or are suffering from Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness."

In many cases of "Liver Complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. Debilitated females who have undergone all the tortures of catenities, and the knife, and yet suffer with those peculiar dragging-down sensations and weaknesses, can have guaranteed to them prompt and positive relief by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; while constipation and torpid liver, or "biliousness," are promptly relieved by the Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Sold by all druggists.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JUNE 16th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 16th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis 1.

2d Lesson—Matthew 11.

English Lectionary.

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1st Lesson—Genesis 1.</

